

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday October 28, to Saturday November 4, 1704.

In Pugnam Blenheimensem.

Germanos, Bavaros, Gallos, Bellantibus Anglis,
Servavit, vicit, perdidit, una dies.

On the Lady SUNDERLAND.

By a Schollar of Fifteen Years of Age,
at Westminster School.

In happy Days was Sacharissa's Reign,
When Beauty shone, and did not shine in vain,
The Sons of Art could all her Charms express,
And Rival Nature in the fairest dress:
Vandike and Waller warm'd with equal Fire,
Touch'd the soft Canvass and the softer Lyre:
And the fair Nymph defies the power of Times,
In Living Colours and Immortal Rhimes:
At Altrop now we see in brighter Flame,
And Sacharissa stoops to Churchill's Fame:
But where's the skilful Hand that can present
Her matchless Form in Numbers or in Paint?
Arts that are rais'd and cherisht by the Fair,
By too great Excellency oppress'd, despair:
While meaner Faces Triumph over Fate,
Superiour Beauty has a shorter Date:
Yet happy Churchill that she can't live long
In Kneller's Oil, or Hallyfax's Song.

By the Lady RUTLAND.

THE Beauteous Sunderland much brighter Shines,
In Hallyfax's soft and Charming Lines,
Than Sacharissa did with all the Skill
Of fam'd Vandike, or happy Waller's Quill:
For tho' by Love and Beauty they were fir'd,
And seem'd to Paint and Write by Love inspir'd;
They wanted Hallyfax's matchless Art,
With pleasing Sence their Passions to impart.

An Imitation of the Sixth ODE of
Horace, beginning, Scriberis Vario fortis.

Apply'd to his Grace the
Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Suppos'd to be made by Capt. R. S.

Shou'd Addison's Immortal Verse,
Thy Fame in Arms, great Prince, rehearse,
With Anna's Lightning you'd appear,
And glitter o'er again in War:
Repeat the Proud Bavarian's Fall!
And in the Danube plunge the Gaul!

'Tis not for me thy Worth to show,
Or Lead Achilles to the Foe;
Describe stern Diomed in Fight,
And put the wounded Gods to Flight:
I dare not, with unequal Rage,
On such a Mighty Theam engage;
Nor Sully in a Verse like mine,
Illustrious Anna's Praise, and Thine.

Let the laborious Epic strain
In lofty numbers sing the Man,
That bears to distant Worlds his Arms,
And frights the German with Alarms:
His Courage and his conduct tell,
And on his various Virtues dwell,
In trifling Cares my humble Muse
A less Ambitious Tract pursues,
Instead of Troops in Battel mixt,
And Gauls with British Spears transfixt:
She Paints the soft Distress and Meins
Of Dames expiring with the Spleen.

From the gay Noise affected Air,
And little Follies of the Fair,
A slender Stock of Fame I raise,
And draw from others Faults, my Praise.

PROLOGUE for Mr Wilks.

Since Churchill's Fame has thro' our Regions run,
All our Dramatick Heroes are undone:
Scipio and Hannibal can please no more;
Nor Caesar Conquer on the British Shore:
Such Havock with our Heroes he has made,
That Alexander's self affords no aid;
Tho' Rich by turns made all his Braves advance,
And lost as many Generals as France;
Quite unemploy'd his Tragick Heaven stands,
And all his Gods lie Dead upon his Hands.

Who wou'd the fate of mighty Empires run,
When Sovereign Rich, with Lewis is undone!
When to such low expedients Both submit,
That One from Switzerland wou'd Armies get
T'other from Dublin draws Recruits of Wit;
Estcourt, their Phoenix, he has brought to Night,
At any rate to purchase your delight;
To give you joy he does a Nation Sack,
For Ireland scarce will Laugh till he goes back;
Who tho' He's pleas'd with the Applause they give
His finish'd Fame, he wou'd from you receive.
Your Stamp must qualifie each Grand Affair,
An Irish Act of Parliament and Player,
Have little force without a Sanction here.

**CLARINDA'S Complaint this War
Time, or Advice to the Officers, to get
Soldiers without Beat of Drum.**

1.
With sighing, and wishing, and Green Sickness Diet,
With nothing of Pleasure and little of Quiet,
With a Grammams Inspection, and Doctors Direction,
But not the Specifick that cures my Complection,
The Flower of my Age is full blown in my Face,
Yet no Man considers my comfortless Case.

2.
Young Women were valued as I have been told,
In the late times of Peace above Mountains of Gold;
But now there is Fighting, we are nothing but sliteing,
Few Gallants in Conjugal Matters delighting:
'Tis a shame that Mankind shou'd love killing and slaying,
And mind not supplying the Stock that's decaying.

3.
Unlucky Clarinda, to live in a Season
When Mars has forgotten to do Venus reason!
Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,
I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land,
That killers of Men, to replenish the Store
Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more.

4.
Enacted moreover, for better dispatch, (match,
That where a good Captain meets with an o'er-
His honest Lieutenant with Soldier-like Grace,
Shall relieve him on Duty and serve in his Place.
Thus killers and slayers of able good Men,
Without beat of Drum may recruit 'em agen.

A Health to the GENERALS.

**A Song for Two Voices Compos'd and
Set by Mr. H. Hall Organist of Hereford.**

Sung by Mr. Cook and Mr. Davis, at the new
Theatre, and at the Temple.

To our Arms on Earth and Seas,
On the Danube, on the Rhine,
On the Tagus, on the Maes,
Drink a Health in different Wine.
Port to Galloway is due,
Still in Spanish fill to Rooke,
Take of Rhenish a Bumper to
The most successful English Duke:
And if our Conquest we pursue,
Such another Vict'ry gain,
Spight of all that France can do,
Next year we'll drink 'em in Champagne.

A SONG ON FORTUNE.

The Words by Geo. Grinvell Esq;

To Fortune give immortal praise,
Fortune deposes and can raise,
Fortune the Captives Chain's do's break,
And brings despairing Exiles back:
However Low this Hour we fall,
One lucky Minute may mend all.

'Tis Fortune governs all below,
The States-man Wiles, the Gamster's Throw,
The Soldiers Fame, the Merchant's Gains,
The Lovers Joy, the Prisoners Chains
Are but as Fortune shall bestow,
'Tis Fortune governs all below.

AN EPIGRAM ON Q. ANNE.

While Warlike Nassau did these Isles command,
With Toil he scarce could Rule the Brittish Land;
But when to Anna he resignes the Sway,
Europe with all its different States obey.

These Verses were writ on the Battel of
Blenheim, dedicated to Monsieur Boileau Poet
Laureat to the French King. By M. P. and are
now Setting to Musick.

O Boileau, had it been Apollo's Will
That I had shar'd a Portion of thy skill,
Had this poor Breast received the Heavenly Beam,
And were my Numbers equal to my Theam,
To noblest Strains I'd raise my serious Voice,
And calling ev'ry Muse to bless my Choice,
Arms and a Queen I'd Sing; who, Great and Good,
From Peaceful Thames to Danube's wondring Flood
Sent forth the Terror of Her high Commands,
To save the Nations from invading Hands;
To Vindicate a sinking Empire's Cause,
And fix the Farring World with equal Laws.

**A Short CHARACTER of the
Duke of MARLBOROUGH.**

By a Person of Quality.

IN Marlborough there remains not only
A Great Generals Name; But restless Valour,
And in War a shame not to be Conqueror,
Fierce and not curb'd by Numbers, ready to fight
Where Hope or Honor calls his forward Sword.
Confident of Success, Improves the Favours
Which kind Heaven bestows.

Count Gallach Embassadour Extraor-
dinary, from the Emperour of Germany
to the Queen, is on the Road to Hol-
land; and is expected here by the lat-
ter end of this Month: 'Tis said, he
brings with him Presents for Her Ma-
jesty, to the value of 100000 l.

We hear Her Majesty has been pleas'd
to Conferr upon his Grace the young D.
of Grafton a Regiment of Foot, which
are to be Granadeers; and which is to
be rais'd with all Expedition.

Its said the Queen has Conferr'd on
Mr. Bromeley, Member of Parliament
for the University of Oxford, and Chair-
man to the Committee of Priviledges and
Elections, the Place of one of the Clerks
of the Greencloath, worth a Thousand
Pounds per Annum.

Next Week will be Acted at the New Theatre
in little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, a New Farce, called,
The Biter. Written by Nicholas Row Esq; the
Author of these Three celebrated Plays: The
Stepmother, Tamerlane, and the Fair Penitent.
The Part of the Biter perform'd by Mr. Pack, who
in time will be a shining Comedian.

Amadis de Gaul, an Opera in French, Set to
Musick by Baptista de Lully, and translated into En-
glish by the Honorable G. Granville Esq; now set to
Musick by Mr. Eccles: The Parts are all dispos'd,
and will speedily be perform'd at the New Theatre
in little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

On Wednesday last, being the First Day of
Christmas, Mr. Estcourt play'd the Part of
Teague, in the Committee, before the Honora-
ble Society of the Inner-Temple, with the great
applause of the Judges and Benchers of that most
ancient House. This day he Plays the Part of the
Grave maker, in Hamlet Prince of Denmark.